Prin. Your money. *Poin.* Villaines.

As they are ſharing, the Prince and Poines ſet vpon them, they all runne away, and Falſtalffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the booty behind them.

Prin. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe, the theeues are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with feare ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer; away good *Ned, Falſtalffe* ſweares to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I ſhould pitty him.

Paines. How the rogue roare *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur ſolus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.

He could be cõtented, why is he not then? in the reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe: he ſhowes in this, he loues his owne barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleepe, to drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower ſafety.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous, the friendes you haue named vncertaine, the time it ſelfe vnſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoiſe of ſo great an oppoſition.

Say you ſo, ſay you ſo, I ſay vnto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly hinde, & you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laid, our frind true & conſtant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends; what a froſty ſpirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of *Yorke* commends the plot, & the generall courſe of the action Zounds & I were now by this raſcall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my father, my vncle, & my ſelfe, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendower?* Is there not beſides the *Dowglas?* haue I not all their letters to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next month? and are they not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a pagan raſcall is this, and infidell? Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my ſelfe,